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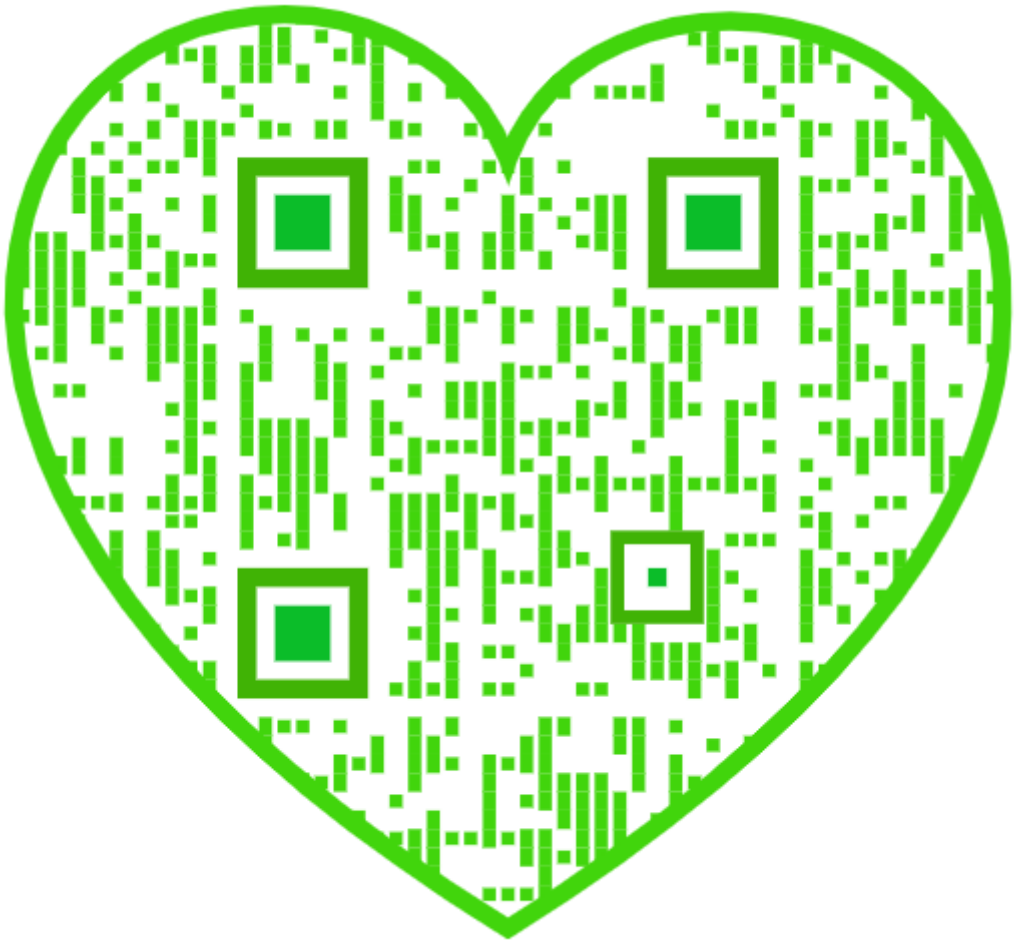
THANKSGIVING--1907

O 'tis a good thing
To give thanks unto the Lord.
Let all mankind be in accord
With the Lord of Hosts
Let all mankind—all along the coast
Sing their glad hozannahs,
From the vales of the North to the glad Savannahs.
From the glad Savannahs of the South.
On to the glad prairies—preventing the drouth.
On to the further plains of the West—
On and still on to the place of rest—
On to the golden shore—
On to the Pacific—there adore—
The Great Creator's fame.
All over the glad Union proclaim
The Great Jehovah's name.
On the bleak shore,
The Patriot did adore,
The Great Spirit—more and more,
From the Atlantic to the Pacific shore.
To New England the holy men came;
At Plymouth the glad tidings did reign.
Here was established the first Thanksgiving feast—
Here the white man and the Indian met—
Here they feasted, where the golden sun set,
Here came the sons and maidens fair—
Here was established in the crisp autumn air
The glad feast spread o'er the land.
Here in hope and peace they took their stand.

All over the promised land
The glad tidings spread.
Here was established hope and not dread.
Later to these shores Roger Williams came.
Here was established the Empire of the West—where did reign,
Hope, faith and charity.
Here was good will and not barbarity.
Blackstone, Berkeley and Jefferies came.

From this center was spread
The glad tidings that the tyrant does dread.
To this glad center came
Eliot on whose garments there was no stain.
He the gospel to the Indian did preach.
He and Williams did the grand truth teach.
With these grand men came
False prophets who did stain



The promise land with their vicious views,
But their time was short, for the glorious news
Soon spread o'er the land.
The Great Spirit was with them—
With the grand women and grand men,
Who on the shores of New England
Established homes for the oppressed—a grand band—
A grand band of grand men, and women too.
A grand band from whose center flew
The glad spirit that made the world anew.
More and more the spirit of good will
Did increase, and the whole land fill.
First along the Atlantic shore,
Then gradually spreading the whole world o'er.

The Colony came,
And a mighty peace did reign—
Reign o'er the whole land.
At Bunker hill they took their stand.
Here Warren fell.
Then came Washington, and all was well,
Green, Paul Jones—On sea and land,
The patriots took their stand.
From New England to the southern shore
The spirit came, spreading o'er
The coasts. Richard Henry Lee,
Of Virginia was first to declare the nation free.
New England took up the cry.
Patrick Henry did the tyrant defy.
Samuel Adams caught the spirit too.
On and on they marched—the men so true—
So true to the spirit of the West—
True to all—all that man loved best.
Then came the war of 1812 whereby
The Patriot did make the tyrant fly—
Fly from the shore
Where man would be free to adore
The Great Jehovah on land and sea.
On towards the West did march the free.
For many a year peace did reign,
And Thanksgiving went and came
Came and spread—on towards the West.
Westward was the grand march, and all did rest—
Rest in hope, safety and peace,
And enjoy the Thanksgiving feast
Year after year the glad day came—
Year after year the world was all aflame.
Aflame with the glad spirit in its might,
And all were happy, with Charity ever bright.
Bright with the spirit of the west—
Bright with hope and faith—faith that did test
The institutions that built up the land,
Where the Patriot took his stand.

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Author
(Person)
Oct. 1907

But from the first there was a cloud
That o'er the land hung like a shroud
The cloud in the South grew,
And the black man so true
To the spirit of the West—
The black man who at Bunker hill fought with the rest.
With the white patriot there he fought
For the prize so dearly bought.

More and more the dark cloud
Spread o'er the land like a shroud.
The result we know—
A result that did show
That the true spirt of freedom was still to be won.

On and on the curse spread towards the setting sun.
The dark rebellion came,
And then for a season did reign
Darkness and cruel war.
The land was divided, and all was sore.
The North and the South divided were
And all the land was astir
With fleets and armies strong and bold.
Each side did like the bull dog hold—
Hold to what they considered right;
And so went on the strife—all was night.
Throughout the whole the spirit of Thanksgiving was in sight.
And when the day came the armies of the North did it keep,
The small boxes of Thanksgiving-store to the soldier was a treat.
In these boxes were sent all sorts of things—
Things to eat and things to wear—with glad hozannahs the land rings—
Rings in battle as well as in peace,
And the glad song shall never cease.
Four years of war came;
Then came the welcome peace without stain.
At Appomattox came the end,
Where the spirit of Peace did send
Its tidings of joy o'er the land.
With this peace came a new band—
A new spirit that was bright with it—
A new and joyous Thanksgiving that lit
Up the whole land with its light.
The tyrant thought that his might
Would the fair Republic destroy;
But he counted not upon the joy
That there was in the grand event,
And the spirit that was bent
Upon keeping the holy-fire bright,
That upon the spirit of Thanksgiving contended for the right.
With this war came the spirit of protection—
Protection to our industries to every section—
Protection to man without regard to color,
With the band of Patriots did follow,

The spirit that established the Thanksgiving feast,
That at Plymouth in 1620 founded upon the Rock of Ages,
And upon What Cheer rock with its historic pages—
The spirit of Roger Williams did fill the air.
On it has spread and dispelled despair.
With peace came the spirit of hope,
The Knight Errant o'er the land did trope.
The Knight Errant spirit was ever grand—
It was the only grand spirit of the European land.
In the dark ages it grew—
It was a light ever true,
True to the spirit of humanity,
When in the world there was little urbanity,
Over the whole land
The spirit of Thanksgiving does spread.
In autumn when the fruits are all in,
The spirit of Thanksgiving is abroad with its holy vim.
Then comes the feast—
The feast for man and beast.
The higher the point that man does attain—
The higher and more noble the gain.

The higher the man the higher the beast—
The higher the man the more does the feast
Of Thanksgiving spread o'er the land,
The more noble his stand,
The more shall spread
The light that the tyrant does dread.
The feast of Thanksgiving has come to stay.
It is a feast that has brought in a new day—
A new day unto the nations of the Earth—
A new day that has given to the world a new birth.

ISAAC P. NOYES.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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